

SKetches

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# SKETCHES

By

H. H. A. Beach.



BOSTON

1889

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# SKETCHES

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## SKETCHES.

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### A LANDSCAPE.

 WINDING road of red-brown  
earth  
Climbs a slow-ascending hill,  
Through meadow-lands, and bush, and  
brake,  
Green with their summer dress.  
A rushing river at the base  
Roars madly through its bed,  
Splashing the rocks with flecks of foam  
And cooling the evening breeze.  
The stately maples lift their arms  
In arches toward the skies,  
And through their fluttering leaves and  
keys

The sunbeams come like gold.  
Above the road in distant lines  
The purple hills are seen,  
O'ercast by clouds of white and gray,  
Hung in an azure blue.

The shadows deepen, the birds are still,  
All nature is at rest ;  
And slowly, slowly, in the crimson West  
The sun fades out of sight.

With gold and red he flecks the clouds  
And tints the purple hills,  
A good-night kiss to all the earth,  
And then — 't is dark and gloom.

Out of the night, hung far above,  
A crescent lamp appears ;  
Its soft and silvery halo spreads  
O'er river, hill, and dale.

The dew is glistening on the leaves,  
The stars begin to shine  
As windows in the floor of Heaven,  
Through which its glory comes.

## MAY.

 HE branching hawthorn  
Reaches toward the heavens  
His pink and fleecy-tufted arms,  
While flashing from each shining face  
The purple beech-leaves send  
Their green and copper light ;  
The evening air is laden full  
With odors sweet and fresh,  
And hints of coming June  
With fragrant breath.  
Thine eye upturned,  
My dear forget-me-not,  
Reflects the azure-tinted dome,  
And brings a heaven  
To my dull, plodding life,  
In the happiness of home.

## TWILIGHT.

 O sun to warm  
The darkening cloud of mist ;  
But everywhere

The steaming earth sends up  
A veil of gray and damp,  
To kiss the green and tender leaves,  
And leave its cool imprint  
In limpid pearls of dew.  
The blackening trunks and boughs  
In ghostly silhouette,  
Mark grimly in the coming eve  
The shadows of the past.  
All sounds are stilled ;  
The birds have hushed themselves to rest,  
And night comes fast, to drop her pall  
Till morn brings life to all.

## SERENADE.

 HINE out, shine out, good moon,  
 to-night,  
 And light my darling's home,  
 And cast my shadow in her light  
 When far from her I roam.

Her lovely eyes with slumber seal,  
 And dreams of memories dear ;  
 Let happiness her sorrows heal.  
 Oh, would that I were near !

## PANSIES.

ES, show your sunburned faces  
to the world,  
And through the gold and pur-  
ple of your cheeks  
Breathe out your dainty self.  
Modest no longer, since you must bloom  
For all mankind ;  
Teach humanity the way  
How loveliness may hide  
In brown and ugly roots,  
Till the flattery of sun and rain  
May tempt you from your oozy bed.  
Hide it you may, with your ease of hearts,  
Only till death.

## ALONG THE SHORE.

 HOU black and shaggy, pulpous  
thing,

Veiled o'er the wreck now float-  
ing in,

Lent by Nature, always kind,  
To heal the wounds of storm and wind.

Rough beauty !

That rises and falls with the ebbing tide,  
And makes men shudder who by it ride,  
And hints of the splintering, crashing bolt  
That in the dark night and howling storm  
Went tearing and bursting till early dawn,  
From top-mast to the deck below,

Where gathered the crew in awe-struck  
woe.

They did not dream,  
Nor could they know,  
When twenty hours or more should go,

That, blushing from his watery bed,  
The sun would come to find all dead,  
And floating on a shattered hulk ;  
That beams which light their dreary way  
Over a trackless sea  
Would brighten the homes of distant ones  
In lands to them so dear,  
And raise thanksgiving that the storm was  
o'er  
In hearts that longed for day.

## TO A BOULDER.

ELL us thy history, O boulder gray,  
Whence thou comest and whither thy way,  
Where thy companions all buried so low  
Deep in the mountain's bosom of snow.  
If in the North did thy travels begin,  
What took place near thee when ice  
hemmed thee in?  
Has ever the eye of living thing  
Encompassed thine image or bade thee  
sing?  
What was its shape and how did it move,  
Tell us its language and if it could love.  
Did the sun ascend from the eastern sky,  
Gilding all with his touch and delighting  
the eye  
As he sailed toward his home in the rosy  
west

To close the day with a symbol of rest ?  
Or the moon, with her fair and silv'ry light,  
Illume the glacier's icy flight ;  
Like sparkling gems its crystal waves  
Along the rocky shore it laves.  
Or wert thou one so deep inlaid,  
'Neath snow and ice where thy scars were  
made,  
That ages came, and ages passed away,  
While moving on, imprison'd from the  
day ?  
Silent thou art, and silent always be ;  
'T is by thy silence we are led to see  
Great wonders in that journey toward the  
sea.

## AT NIGHT.



OUT of the darkness,  
Radiant with light,  
Shineth her Brightness,  
Empress of night.

As granules of gold,  
From her lofty height,  
Or cataract bold  
(Amazing sight !)

Falleth her jewels  
On every side,  
Lighting the joy-bells  
Of Christmas-tide.

Piercing the tree-boughs  
That wave in the breeze,  
Painting their shadows  
Among dead leaves ;

*At Night*

Kissing the sea-foam  
That flies in the air,  
When tossed from its home  
In waves so fair ;

Silvering all clouds  
That darken her way,  
As she lifts the shrouds  
Of breaking day.

## EDOS.

N all his vast dominion  
Through East and West,  
Great Edos wrought,  
Not with the sway  
Of princelings reared in feeble times,  
Who feed and fatten on the public pulse,  
But loved his subject  
As he feared his God,  
Ready to meet Him  
While each hour passed.  
No fear of duty unperformed  
Shadowed the subject or the King.  
Who shared his crown  
Possessed his love —  
Possessed, said I ?  
Not as queens hold their lords  
In common eye,  
But with the rosy shrine that true love  
builds

Beyond the eye and mind  
Of dull desire and fickle fortune.  
He could not hope,  
Nor did he ask  
That such a love were his ;  
But when his strength,  
O'ermatched in Art and Science grim,  
Waned with advancing years,  
His love grew stronger,  
And so unselfish,  
That one day made him wish  
She would lament him more than all.  
And so it happened,  
As the story runs,  
That when his queen,  
Most happy in his love,  
To chase the shadows of the night away  
Hastened to his side,  
She found them not ;  
With the life of the one  
She loved so well  
They were gone,  
But the King's wish lived.

## HOME.

N purple clusters hanging o'er the door  
The graceful vine sends down her fragrance sweet ;  
The hazy air envelops hill and dale,  
And softens every form,  
Till shadows fill their place,  
While breathing softly through the peach-trees' blushing arms,  
The evening breeze steals perfumes rare.  
It brings the solemn, silvery tones  
In measured strokes from village spires,  
Whose whitened fingers toward the heavens  
Point the way of those who rest  
Among the distant rosy hills.  
From pastures green and fresh with dew  
The bellowing herd appear,

Slowly climbing a hillock near.  
A cloud of dust hangs o'er the road  
They know so well, that leads to comfort  
In the coming night.  
A road that marks the going-in and com-  
ing-out  
Of aged limbs and pattering feet,  
Of those long dead  
And many yet to come,—  
To home, where doubts and fears,  
Where joys and sorrows  
Linger in the air ;  
Whose walls, made dear by what they wit-  
ness silently,  
Sanctify the past,  
While present generations live content  
and happy.

All nature rests ;  
And far above  
The eastern sky is light and silvery  
With the moon's pale fire,  
Unhidden by a single cloud.  
Each leaf, each wave

That mirrors but a glance,  
Trembles with stolen brightness,  
Conscious of its theft.

The stars shine out in the distant night,  
And wink their benediction  
While we say “Good-night.”



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